

FUGITIVE POPE

GOING UNDERGROUND

Vol. 2, No. 2

nothing or one dollar

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PRELIMINARY MATTERS

FUGITIVE POPE is a bimonthly publication, issued on the first days of January, March, May, July, September, and November.

Motto no. 1: Feel free to be offended by the contents. I don't mind at all.

Motto no. 2: If it seems amateurish, it's because it is.

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Raleigh Clayton Muns
3338 Sawtelle Bl., #20
Los Angeles, CA 90066

United States of Amerika

PERE-LACHAISE: GREATEST CEMETERY ON EARTH

Necro-city. Tombs and chaos, well-fed cats (what do they eat that makes them so fat?), flowers and stained glass windows and Jim Morrison too. Pere-Lachaise cemetery, Paris France. Forty-four hectares with 100,000 tombs and more than 1,000,000 corpses (as in **Sesame Street**, the key word here is "sharing"). Various Xtian cults, such as the Roman-Catholics, have had this historic obsession with being buried on hallowed ground. Since the Church is the sole owner of hallowed ground it becomes obvious that the Church could make a profit in selling or leasing plots, but only if it wanted to. Life is finite but death is infinite so the cemetery waiting rooms, way-stations to the apocalyptic resurrection inherent in the Xtian's insect-like hopes for eternal life, have a nasty habit of filling up. Eighteenth century Paris was surfeited with bodies, the cemeteries **literally** bursting - in 1780 an apartment wall adjoining the Cimetiere des Innocents collapsed spilling more than 2,000 rotting corpses on to the embarrassed living tenants. From this incident, several things arose: one was the construction of the famous Catacombs of Paris in to which the exhumed tenants of the overcrowded necropoli were evicted. A second result was the construction of Cimetiere Pere-Lachaise.



Originally called "Cimetiere de l'Est" (Cemetery of the East), the name Pere-Lachaise comes from Louis XIV's confessor who first owned the grounds. At the time of purchase, the land was called Mont-Louis and was owned by a Baron Desfontaines. Nicolas Frochot, Prefect of the Seine, in a lifelong fit of public service, extorted Mont-Louis from the good Baron in 1804. Eighteen years later, the Baron bought three square yards of necro-turf at a price 272 times greater than its original value.

Opened the first week of December, 1804, Pere-Lachaise's first customer was the errand boy of an unnamed police commissioner. Seeking to cultivate an up-scale market, Frochot sought to make interment more attractive by exhuming famous dead stars from other cemeteries, then transferring them to Pere-Lachaise. Strangely, many of the famous people purportedly buried there are not. Moliere, for example, was exhumed from St. Joseph's graveyard and transported to Pere-Lachaise. Unfortunately, historians examining St. Eustache's Register in Paris will note that the zealous real-estate agents did their digging in a spot different from Moliere's actual resting place.

A partial list of graves of the stars (who are probably really buried there) in Pere-Lachaise:

Balzac, Honore de	Modigliani, Amedeo
Bernhardt, Sarah	Moliere, Jean-Baptiste
Bizet, George	Morrison, Jim
Callas, Maria	Piaf, Edith
Chopin, Frederic	Pissaro, Camille
Daumier, Honore	Proust, Marcel
Delacroix, Eugene	Signoret, Simone
Dore, Gustave	Stein, Gertrude
Fontaine, Jean de la	Wilde, Oscar
Heloise et Abelard	

A full map with a listing of several hundred other famous corpses can be picked up for a handfull of sous at the entrance to the cemetery.

Tombs of special note to visit are those of Jim Morrison (radical graffiti), Oscar Wilde (art-deco), and Frederic Chopin (awash in flowers and constantly alit with candles). The necropolis need not be enjoyed solely for the celebrity-hood of its tenants. A riot of artwork, stove-in tombs, chubby cats, winding streets, and whispering ghosts, the true necro-phile can't miss at Pere-Lachaise.



DES INNOCENTS: PREDECESSOR TO PERE-LACHAISE

Prior to Pere-Lachaise, Cimetiere des Innocents was Paris' major burial ground (around the time of the first millenium). In 1135, Louis VI evicted the merchants from the overcrowded Place de Greve to Champeaux where the then nameless cemetery stood. The population of the parish, Saint Germain-l'Auxerrois, regularly used the cemetery as a market, a garbage dump, a place to hang their wash to dry, and a scavenging ground for their domestic animals, primarily pigs. Louis VII later built the Church of the Holy Innocents next to the cemetery, thus imparting that name to the burying grounds.

In pursuit of profit, des Innocents accepted bodies from Paris' prisons, morgues, hospitals, and sixteen other parishes. Plagues in 1348, 1418, and 1466 brought the Church even higher profits.

Single graves were not the custom. The number of people buried there was so great that the level of the charnel ground was a full seven feet higher than street level. Over a period of eight centuries, des Innocents guested more than two million deaders in an area 120 x 60 meters with the corpses stacked thirty feet deep! All the while, merchants, townsfolk, and pigs continued to use the grounds for their idiosyncratic purposes.

COOL EPITAPHS AND A LITTLE-KNOWN FACT

Epitaphs culled from C.L. Wallis' **American Epitaphs. Grave and Humorous.** New York: Dover Press, 1973.

John Heath
Taken from
County Jail &
Lynched
By Bisbee Mob
in Tombstone
Feb. 22nd 1884

...


Killed by unskilled Dr.

...

In memory of Ellen Shannon
Aged 26 years
Who was fatally burned
march 21st 1870
by the explosion of a lamp
filled with "R.E. Danforth's
Non Explosive
Burning Fluid"

...

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MORRISON

18 December 1987, at the Cemetery Pere-Lachaise

We looked for Jim Morrison's grave and we found it. All one has to do is follow the arrows scrawled on the surrounding tombs. The closer you get to his grave the more frequent the signs (JIM -->). I regret to this day that I had not the courage to swill the whiskey I had carried here to drink in his honor ... It was difficult to decide whether his grave was defaced or honored by the abundance of grafitti on it and the surrounding graves and monuments. To Jim's right, the grave of Mme. Gambier (how's that for a trivia question: "Whose grave is next to Jim Morrison's?"), to the left, a nameless tomb, really. So of course you wonder, what does IT look like? Perhaps a giant stone shaped like a guitar? Maybe something symbolic like a closing door? Or how about something dull and boring, a slab like so many of the others? A rectangle of granite outlines a patch of what is now only plain dirt (someone had just raked it and planted some wilting bluebells). At the head sits a large, perfectly rectangular block of granite inscribed

JIM MORRISON, 1943-1971

I compare this with the epitaph of other necro-stars in this megalopolis of the dead, such as Oscar Wilde who has inscribed on his art-deco Egyptian Sphinx monument

**And alien tears will fill for him
Pity's long broken urn
For his mourners will be outcast men
And outcasts always mourn.**

On top of the marker sits a marble bust of Jim, hair running mad, his visage turned slightly to the right. His nose is broken off (someone's souvenir?) and his lips are shattered, perhaps by being kissed by too many of his mourners, who knows? The bust foremost, the marker second, and thirdly, the surrounding monuments are a sea of multi-colored writing. The bust and marker are particularly scarred by obvious repetitions of futile

cleansing operations. His hair has been streaked with green and ear-rings are painted on. His chest proclaims

JIM L'ETERNEL

while other proclamations of love are penned on his face, like

FELINE ♡

and

**Jim, I want to light your fire
-Christine, Canada '87**

The "O" in "Morrison" is now a peace sign and who the hell is "Nath so Ciro"? Being in France it's no surprise to see Jim declared as

JIM ETAIT UN ANARCHISTE

My favorite was scrawled

**There are things that are known, there are things
that are unknown. In between there are doors.**

Runner-up was the egotist (or prophet) who had carefully lettered on a facing tomb

**Me and Jim were Lizards in the desert. We spent our
whole lives together and it makes me wanna cry when
I think of those sad insect eyes.**

An Aussie saunters up while I read this and decrys the gray, Paris, December day, a light drizzle occuring in short bursts of somber enthusiasm, a cliché from some gothic novel. He spots the tomb and says in a shocked voice, "It's completely defaced!" I'm still not sure.

I had to copy this one down just so that someday I could get it translated:

**Ik zou'n traan willen zijn om geboren te worden
in je agen te leven op je wangen en te sterven
op je lippen. -DART**

Three pundits summed up the scenario. First,

This is the end

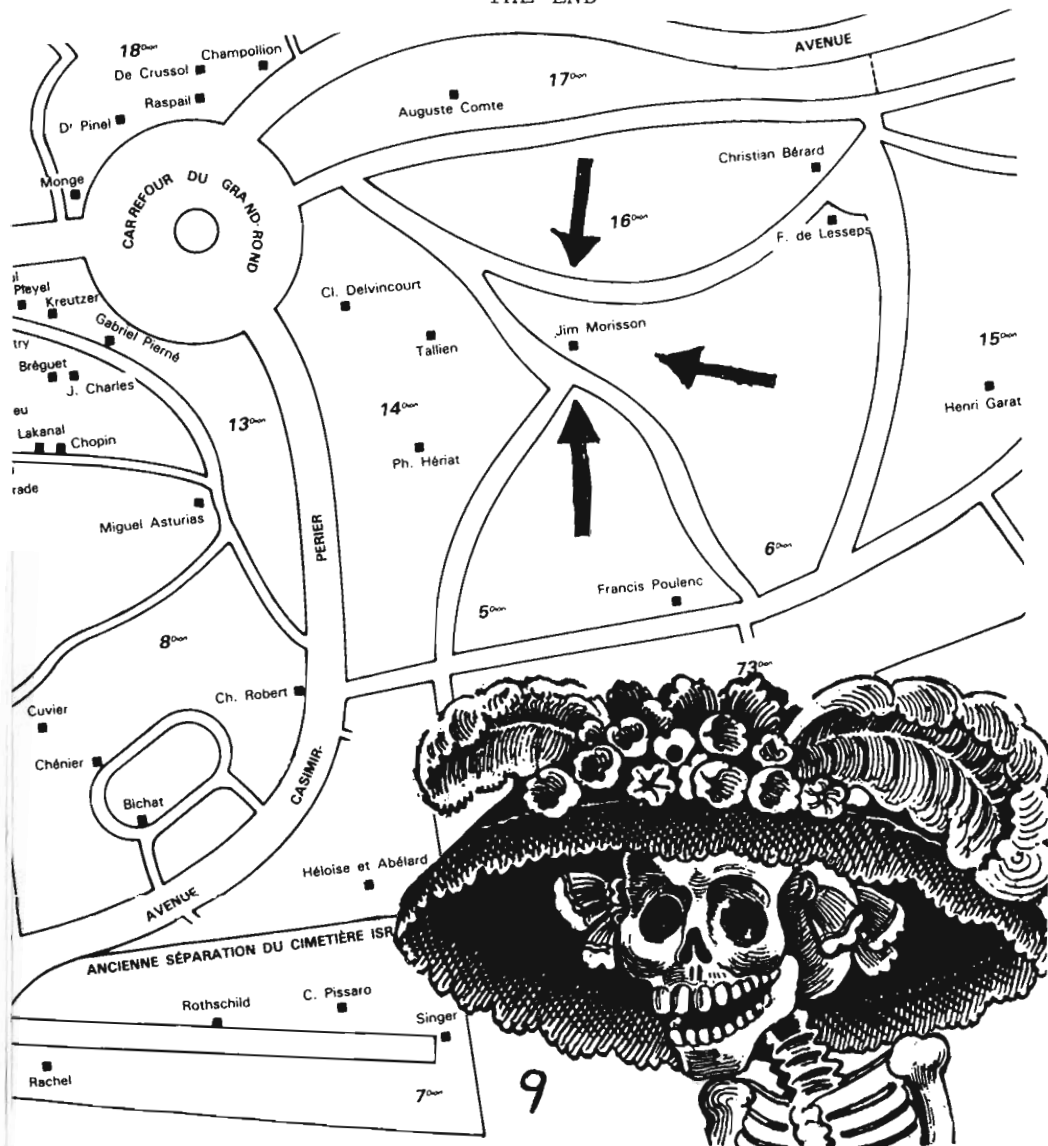
Second,

Jim, you're up shit creek now

and finally,

Oh darn, Jim, you died.

THE END



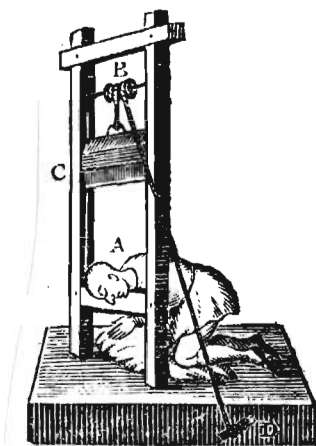
LA GUILLOTINE, WHAT FUN!!!

transcribed from **The Gentleman's Magazine**, London:
Jeffries, March, 1793, pp. 201-202.

Mr Urban,

March 7

The instrument, by which the unfortunate king of France lately suffered, has been called **La Guillotine**, as is said, from the inventor of it: but it appears to have been the same which was formerly used in Scotland for the punishment of traitors, and there called a **Maiden**; and of which the following is an exact representation.



A. The sufferer. -- B. The pulley. -- C. The axe. --
D. The peg, to which the rope is fixed after the axe is drawn up; which being cut by the executioner, the axe falls with great velocity, and at one stroke severs the head from the body.

When the old Lord Lovat was under sentence of decapitation in the Tower, being informed there was a report that such an engine was designed for his execution, he greatly commended the contrivance; for, said he, with the same jocularly that he carried with him even on the scaffold, "as my neck is very short, the executioner will be puzzled to find it out with his axe; and, if such a machine be made, I suppose it will get the name of Lord Lovat's Maiden." I herewith send you a rough sketch of it, as represented in the prints of that

time, by which you will see that it exactly resembles the description that has been given of the machine, which has been rendered so interesting to our curiosity under the name of **La Guillotine**; except that the culprit seems here to have been placed in a kneeling posture, which certainly was more decent and suitable than that awkward prostrate position, in which the royal sufferer is described to have been executed in France.

It is said too that the unfortunate Louis was a corpulent man, and, like Lord Lovat, had likewise a very short neck: but I doubt whether his cruel judges had so much humanity as to adopt this instrument for the purpose of rendering the fatal stroke more expeditious and certain. 'Tis more probable that no one could easily be found so callous as to undertake the odious office in the ordinary way, after it had been declined, as is said, by the common executioner.

I beg leave however, Mr. Urban, to observe, that in your account of this shocking transaction in your Magazine for January, p. 85, you have represented this tragical catastrophe as attended by "two ill-looking brutes, one of whom held the axe;" which would perhaps have been more accurately expressed by "guided the machine." If you can favour us with an account of the real inventor of the **Maiden**, or **Guillotine**, you will probably satisfy many of your readers, as well as

SCRUTATOR VARVICENSIS.



GRAVE NEWS

Derived from the **Los Angeles Times** (12/23/90)

In 1842, the city of Ventura, California, opened a cemetery in the middle of the city. For over 102 years, 3,322 deaders accumulated eternal real-estate six-feet 'neath the sylvan turf. In 1968, the savvy local government decided that the cemetery, which had invited no new guests since 1944, should be converted into a park, which was done.

To this day, most residents don't know that beneath their cold picnic chicken lie cold corpses, rotting profusely (while they nibble on poultry corpses). They don't know that the mayonnaise in their cole slaw, dripping like corpse pus from their moist lips, resembles the pus of real corpses, slowly decaying six feet beneath their lunches.

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Then again, most of the bodies have probably become dessicated, and their really is no pus nor rot, just old bones. Nonetheless, **FUGITIVE POPE** feels that it is in the interest of the local government to erect signs (there are none) to warn the users of the park (known as "Cemetery Park") just in case their dogs start to dig furiously, as if looking for buried bones ...

ALAMO KIPES WIFE'S CORPSE!!!

Derived from the **Los Angeles Times** (3/8/91)

The **FUGITIVE POPE** banner was boldly stolen from the top of a religious tract put out by "fugitive cult leader" Tony Alamo, wherein, among other things, the Pope is accused of being in cahoots with Yasser Arafat, the Illuminati, the Western Media, and the underground Nazis left over from WWII (the "Big One"). Your basic religious freak babble (who knows, it may be true, that's not really the point).

On the lam since 1989, Tony Alamo, "World Pastor" (learn how to become the "ultimate Xtian", call 1-800-643-2545!) recently made the news after stealing the corpse of his wife from the mausoleum at his compound in Georgia Ridge, Arkansas. In 1982 Alamo predicted that his just dead wife would be resurrected. Oops! He claims that he stole the body in order to prevent the authorities from "desecrating" it. What does this have to do with anything? Well, I think it's one hell of a segue for the next section of this issue of **FUGITIVE POPE**, which I call ...

TALES FROM THE NECRO-FILES

Amazing. There is more literature on the subject of necrophilia than I would have ever guessed. One of the major advantages of being affiliated with one of the world's great research libraries (UCLA's 18 library network, captained in this case by the University Research Library) is that when I have a question like "I wonder if there is anything out there on ..." I can indulge myself (and boy will I miss that when I leave). I may actually have one of the nicer collections on necrophilia at this time!

Karen Greenlee. Adam Parfrey's **Apocalypse Culture** (Los Angeles: Feral House, 1987) leads off with an interview with our "Unrepentant Necrophile" in which Ms. Greenlee responds to the burning question "How do you do it?" The Sacramentan (person from Sacramento, not one who takes

the sacraments!) points out that penetration is not necessary for physical gratification (if you want to know more, send \$12.95 + \$1.50 to Feral House, PO Box 861893, Los Angeles, CA 90086-1893). This is not a book just about necrophilia, so don't get it if that's all you want. Necrophilia, however, is representative of the coverage in this whimsical anthology.

Most of the literature on necrophilia consists of sections of books on sexual deviance in general, or articles in scholarly journals. For a list of works on necrophilia (or, a necro-file) see the bibliography at the end of this article.

Most psychologists and psychiatrists distinguish between those who have sex with bodies they have just created (i.e., killed) and those who have sex with the already dead. The former are usually not considered true necrophiles since their defiling of the corpse is merely considered a continuation of the murderous violence wreaked on the victim when alive. The latter can be analyzed across several behavioral dimensions such as those who actually engage in necrophilia vs. those who fantasize about it (see cases of Johns and Janes who require prostitutes to act as if they're dead during coitus). Another dimension concerns the degree of violence applied to the corpse.

Necrophilia is mostly an anecdotally studied field. There has been no rigorous research to determine the extent of the activity including such things as whether men or women are more prone to this peca-dillo, or whether certain professions are more prone to engage in necrophilia than others. Magnus Hirschfeld, MD in his chapter "Necrophilia" in **Sexual Anomalies: The Origins, Nature, and Treatment of Sexual Disorders** (NY: Emerson Books, 1956) does cite from "Epaulard of Lyons in 1901" (pp. 430-431) a brief list of necrophiliacs through history cross-indexed by profession and specific activity:

EPAULARD'S TABLE OF NECROPHILIA

Profession	I	II	III	IV. Remarks
1. Undertaker's Asst.	coi.			
2. Mendicant Friar	coi.			
3. Priest	coi.			
4. Nobleman	coi.			
5. Idiot, age 27	coi.			
6. Medical Student	coi.			
7. Nobleman	coi.			Father of six
8. Gravedigger	coi.			
9. Medical Student	coi.			
10. Gravedigger	coi.			"Vampire of Muy"
11. Farm Laborer, age 23	m.	coi.		
12. Attendant at School of Anatomy	m.	coi.		
13. Tramp	m.	coi.		
14. Soldier	coi.	sad.		
15. Marshal of France	coi.	sad.	cann.	Gilles de Ray. Pedophile. Necro- philia preceded by sadistic acts on living children
16. Writer	m.	sad.		
17. Gardener	m.	coi.	sad.	
18. ?	m.	coi.	sad.	
19. Jack the Ripper	m.	sad.		
20. Tramp	m.	coi.	sad.	
21. ?	coi.	m.	sad.	
22. Vintner, age 24	coi.	m.	sad.	
23. Idiot	m.	sad.	cann.	

The acts are given in the order in which they were carried out.

coi. stands for coitus.

m., the murder of the victim.

sad., for mutilation of the victim.

cann., murderer consumed part of victim's flesh or sucked her blood.

It will be noted that twenty-three cases include two medical students, one attendant at a school of anatomy, two gravediggers, and one undertaker's attendant.

In order to further the knowledge in this field, I have prepared a brief questionnaire in order to begin accumulating "hard" data on necrophilia. A later issue of **FUGITIVE POPE** will present the rigorously analyzed data in proper scholarly format with graphs and numbers and big words. Please fill this out and mail it to the address on the inside cover of this zine.

-----photocopy, cut, and mail-----

THE FIRST ANNUAL **FUGITIVE POPE**
NECROPHILIA QUESTIONNAIRE

Demography:

Name: _____

Gender: ___M___F___other Age:___

Profession: _____

Number of Necrophiliac incidents in last 12 months:

___ Fantasized ___ Actually Did it

___ Partner Alive But Might As Well Have Been Dead
(virtual Necrophilia)

___ If other, specify: _____

Emotions:

Please circle the number on the scale that best characterizes your feelings about necrophilia

1 -- 2 -- 3 -- 4 -- 5 -- 6 -- 7 -- 8 -- 9 -- 10
great enthusiasm neutral total revulsion

Please list below things you find more revolting than necrophilia (do not include **FUGITIVE POPE**):

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SICILY GROSS - PALERMO'S CATACOMBS



God bless the Cappuccine monks of Palermo, Sicily, for having the single most disgusting tourist attraction on the planet! Unlike the clean, dessicated and polished bones of the Parisian catacombs or those in the Chapel of Bones in Evora, Portugal, the corpses of Sicily still cling to the flesh (or the flesh clings to the corpses). Of course, the monks help a bit by putting the bodies in a special "drying room." The point is to demonstrate to the flock the transience of life. The catacombs thus display the egyptian mummification skills of the monks in such examples as the deceased couple, linked forever beyond the grave (see above), or the "Beckoning Child," and especially in the chapel of virgins (the only corpses locked behind iron grates - hmmm... Are the monks protecting them from something?).

Dressed in their finest burial clothes, bits of hair and flesh still cling to their bones. The bodies are lined up by the hundreds in the galleries of the monks, arranged by social class. The "Gallery of the Professionals" houses the doctors, lawyers, and judges, while the "Men's Gallery" simply contains the blue collar saps of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries. Some even have their flies unzipped ... for all eternity. Que un drag!

As we enter, the monks are casting stern glances on the hoardes of school-children, brought here by their teachers on a field trip as a special treat. Quickly, several Cappuccines catch two boys trying to pocket some of the gruesome postcards available for sale at the entrance. I, of course, buy an entire set and from them learn that brother Silvestro da Gubbio, put on display 16 October, 1599, is the senior deadman. Da Gubbio is dressed in your basic Monty Python monk's black robe ("Bring out your dead!") which, frankly, has seen better days.

A special section is set aside for young children. The "Beckoning Child" is a gross caricature of a doll, black and shriveled in a baptismal dress, one hand extended, asking for something ("Come, join me-AIEEEE!"). The monks are most proud of one child, out of action since the 1920's (the kid is older than I am, an odd thought indeed) which has been preserved so well that its lifelike visage is startlingly out of place in this musty basement.

The smell is like cinammon dust; I wonder how many realize that they are breathing a concentrated powder of dried bones and slowly corroding skin? I shrug. I already ate my lunch.

The entry fee is nothing, which is extremely unusual for the profit-minded Italians, upstanding citizens in the new European Economic Order. The monks, however, do pass a box soliciting donations. Only a few of the children, their instructors, and sundry tourists donate two or three hundred lire, or less than a quarter. I put 5,000 lire in the box. Support your local catacombs! I love these guys. Afterward, Anne and I went to a bar and had a "Cappuccino" in honor of their basement. Cool.

... FOLLOWING THE LAMB WHEREVER IT WOULD GO,
THEY ARE THE VIRGINS



Cappuccine catacombs of Palermo, Sicily. Bodies of Virgins locked behind iron gratings to prevent sex-crazed monks from engaging in their perverse lusts, no doubt.

LOOSE ENDS



In the center of Portugal in the town of Evora, our buddies the Cappuccines have once again set up shop, this time in the "Chapel of Bones." As the monks died over the centuries, their bones were incorporated into the walls, ceiling, and arches of a chapel in Evora's main church. Looking like something out of a Disney ride, crossed femurs line the walls and skulls are imbedded in the arches of the doors. A single anomaly mars the grim tableau: off in the corner the entire body of a monk hangs from a hook. No one knows why ...

The catacombs of Paris were earlier mentioned. Basically, they contain the neatly exhumed bodies of more than six million Parisians. The bones are arranged in pleasing geometric patterns, usually crosses. Plaques note the original graveyards from which they came. There is a warm, folksy feeling about the place. Tourists can easily make the walk in about an hour beneath the streets of Paris. Bags are not allowed and inspections of tourists leaving with possible souvenirs are common.

All in all, it is a pleasant stroll among the densest concentration of skeletal matter available for tourist perusal.

The sewers of Paris used to be a cool tour. Unfortunately, in the early 1980's, the municipal authorities stopped the boat ride that used to be de rigeur on the tour "des egouts." Fears were that criminals would use the boat ride as a means of escape into the labyrinthine tunnels, copying Hugo's Jean Valjean from **Les Miserables**. At present, the tour consists of a lame film show with piss-poor technology (legend has it that the headsets used for supplying translation during the film once worked), and a quick walk through what look like sewers. When exiting, be sure to shake the bottoms of your shoes in front of the French schoolgirls waiting for the next tour, exclaiming in your best French, "merde!"



Get off on a
good book today!

THE FUGITIVE POPE DIES!!!

FUGITIVE POPE was originally an experiment in self-publishing with no coherent editorial focus. This issue is the last of the "detritus from the information age" **FP's**, fumbling (hopefully in an entertaining manner) for a voice. The "Library Mayhem" issue (vol. 1, no. 3) had such a tremendous response from the international library community that beginning with the next issue, **FP** will indeed be the type of underground library zine that has been sought by many and found by few.

FP will continue to rely on "detritus," however its focus will more directly address the the day-to-day strangeness in the library environment. Mostly, we'll try to insult the bejeezus out of the clientele (for starters, next issue will highlight a submission from the folks at the Minneapolis Public Library who have a most unique name for one of their favorite patrons: **Dog Fuck**). Official policy is to avoid insulting those not in power so I will accept no "smelly homeless people" stories (unless of course, the smelly homeless person gets the better of the "normal" citizen in a righteous confrontation).

Those of you who are used to cutesy library shit (e.g., **The Incredible Librarian**) and nobler-than-thou sentiments about the importance of our profession (in which I confess to believe more than most) should probably not read the "New" **FP**. I can already hear whines about how such a project could damage our image with the public. I believe, however, that the illiterate dumbshits that complain the most about libraries are the same "DF's" that do things like vote down library bond issues and mutilate magazines and books (hey, send in **your** favorite mutilation anecdote!). Literate library patrons will probably take the new direction of **FP** as intended.

So, farewell to the old **FUGITIVE POPE**, it has indeed died with this issue. Starting with the next (May 1) issue prepare to be offended by the new, the improved, the library literate **FUGITIVE POPE!!!**

- Ragazzo Solo (ed.)

I'm dying
for a copy
of
FUGITIVE
POPE!



Bone, dear, bone!

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